Almost directly after that appearance at Bath I went to London to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, of which Mr. Buckstone was still the manager and Sothern the great attraction. I had played Gertrude Howard in " The Little Treasure" during the stock season at Bristol, and when Mr. Buckstone wanted to do the piece at the Haymarket, he was told about me. I was fifteen at this time, and my sense of humour was as yet ill-developed. I was fond of " larking" and merry enough, but I hated being laughed *at* | At any rate, I could see no humour in Mr. So them's jokes at my expense. He played my lover in " The Little Treasure," and he was always teasing me—pulling my hair, making me forget my part and look like an idiot. But for dear old Mr. Howe, who was my "father" in the same piece, I should not have enjoyed acting in it at all, but he made amends for everything. We had a scene together in which he used to cry, and I used to cry—oh, it was lovely !

Why I should never have liked Sothern, with his wonderful hands and blue eyes, Sothern, whom every one found so fascinating and delightful, I cannot say, and I record it as discreditable to me, not to him. It was just a case of " I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." I admired him—I could not help doing that—but I dreaded Ms jokes, and thought some of them very cruel.

Another thing I thought cruel at this time was the scandal which was talked in the theatre. A change for the

better has taken place in this respect—at any rate, in conduct. People behave better now, and in our profession, carried on as it is in the public eye, behaviour is every-thing. At the Haymarket there were simply no bounds to what was said in the greenroom. One night I remember gathering up my skirts (we were, I think, playing " The Rivals " at the time), making a curtsey, as Mr. Chippen-